

"Untitled (or: Individualism
& the Immanence of Ibn Arabi)"

Nicholas Katsafanas

Pentadic Mode: > 80%

1507:1772 — 85.1%

Episode I: 742:879 — 84.4%

01. 70:82 — 85.4% I whipped my cock back into my light grey Uniqlo slacks, only to quickly recognize I now sported a sizeable piss stain right on the face of the pants—the trousers consisted of a new two-tone grey structure, the regular light shade of the factory print contrasting with the dark stain of accidentally expunged urine

02. 82:92 — 89.1% Complicating matters slightly was an in-person

meeting I was required to attend, by my count, in less than thirty seconds, so I subsequently stood in a frozen manner in front of the bathroom mirror, glancing a tad flummoxed at this piss stain, which I figured'd be immediately visible to any person occupying my remote vicinity

03. 68:83 — 81.9% In another version of this world I'd casually walk back to my seat and sit by myself at my desk as the piss dried at a natural pace, but my schedule instead coerced me to be in the presence of others who, ideally, I'd prefer not to notice a large pee print on my favorite grey Uniqlo pants

04. 63:76 — 82.9% We'd entered this seemingly irrefutable reality in the world where the concept of intelligence had become basically a

pure political construct, that no actual opinion was ever expressed that lacked a surreptitious fascist oligarch funding its dissemination

05. 138:164 — 84.1% Anna Paulina Luna Santa Maria de Prada can pop onto network television as an alleged anti-war activist and tell an American populace that the definition of war is suddenly Boots On The Ground, that unilaterally assassinating the acting leader of a sovereign nation with no Congressional approval at all is actually not, in fact, an act of war, and all of us shrug our shoulders nonchalant because implicitly we've come to conclude that every opinion expressed is simply an extension of this or that surreptitiously operating fascist oligarch

06. 106:126 — 84.1% Every opinion is backstopped by a paid advertiser, even artificial intelligence is basically the same lurid form of regurgitation, and, for that matter, our sincere opinions—now that I think of it—are essentially still just similar abstractions of perhaps an even more elusive tyranny, consumerism as a narcotic inducing a faux individualism where independent opinions become seemingly conceptually achievable

07. 115:137 — 83.9% Scraping a paper towel against a dollop of pee seeped into my Uniqlo pants, for example, was no independent act at all—there existed a form of immanent materialism I was convinced we were missing, and via said oversight we'd instead adopted the religious zealotry of the so-called Market Advocates,

where a similar autonomy was alleged to occur, except in this instance it acted as a culmination of countless so-called Rational Decisions made by Intelligent Investors

08. 100:119 — 84.0% The Market was, of course, the moronic final arbiter of veracity and fairness, and shamanic shitstains at places like The Cato Institute spread this gospel of a Christ-Like bond market for decades until, just like the case of Anna Paulina de Prada, we begin believing that no—actually assassinating heads of state out of the blue is simply New Diplomacy, not egregious and indefensible acts of barbaric idiocy

Episode II: 316:378 — 83.6%

01. 113:137 — 82.5% I was considering how it could be possible Denver, who allegedly sported the best basketball player on the planet in Nikola Jokic, could possibly lose a whole ass playoff series to a Minnesota squad that had three key players hurt—up to and including their sole star—all of which concluded with a somewhat catastrophic financial impact on my venture swap portfolio when—while waiting for the Avery's lavatory to open up—a middle aged Asian female popped out and ambled past me meekly

02. 58:66 — 87.9% As I stepped in the bathroom it became clear this Asian lady unapologetically demolished the restroom, leaving behind her an odor

reminiscent of baboon rectum—it didn't exactly help that it seemed to be a hundred degrees in there

03. 145:175 — 82.9% A President claims a country's engaged in a terrorist war with our state for, give or take, a half a century, but only after beginning an obviously illegal combat operation, and no percentage of the electorate asks the simple question of how this fifty year conflict could possibly have been left entirely unaddressed in an election that occurred a mere two years ago—a half century span of terrorism comes to the attention of our sitting President like a bout of amnesia, like a recollection of long past childhood sexual trauma to an inebriated middle aged human, and this seems entirely rational to every American

Episode III: 449:515 — 87.2%

01. 115:138 — 83.3% When I sat back down at the bar after nearly vomiting in the shitstained lavatory of the Avery, Curt started to tell me all about his so-called unceasing seminal urge—how being dominated by a limitless desire to ejaculate was actually a method of maybe breaking a philosophical plane of sorts, that the body itself is a portal, and the cunt was a metaphysical tunnel, and the bussy of Antiquity was a sacred gateway — "Everywhere you look everyone's ejaculating"

02. 118:140 — 84.3% I rotated my skull patiently as Curt continued to extrapolate on this idea of the diagonal

line of the seminal state and the underlying monism of trans porn — "I could pen a doctoral dissertation on the indivisible oneness of girl cock, and I think it'd really bring some much needed intellectual respect to the arena of pornography," he alleged, and I nonchalantly called the pissy bartender over to inquire if I was pronouncing the cunt-y Belgian beer I wanted to drink correctly

03. 96:103 — 93.2% The seminal propensity, he noted, as opposed to flowing freely is instead institutionalized and confined to conceptual chambers, where it refracts backward onto itself, but that can indicate a variety of conclusions really—because of course an institution could be a concentration camp or a whorehouse—the institute

as a basic concept is too broad to oppose

04. 74:86 — 86.1% Puritanism, of course, was the totalitarian seminal institution par excellence, deeming the act of blasting loads as essentially illegal as a whole—really, you could compare large swathes of political systems and easily filter them through the prism of man's natural state of perpetual ejaculation

05. 46:48 — 95.8% I'm essentially, I guess, Curt said, working toward a Theory of Perpetual Ejaculation with specific reference to the Ancient Greeks and sacred taint play, if that makes sense?